

# THE VOICE OF DHURJATI

*An English Translation of  
Srikalahastiswara Satakam of the Great  
16th Century Telugu Poet Dhurjati*

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*By*

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## FOREWORD

A 'Sataka' is a literary genre comprising a century of verses on a single or a connected theme. While there are famous Satakas in Sanskrit, Bhartrihari's for example, the Satakas in Telugu are said to number about one thousand. Perhaps the native music of Telugu speech seems to have contributed not a little to the success of the genre in the language. Essentially didactic or lyrical, the century of verses could between them cover a wide range of thought, or the entire gamut of human emotions, and yet orchestrate the several notes into a poem. What marks the Sataka is the refrain in each stanza, and this refrain serves as connecting link, pause in the sweep of thought, and beat in the swing of the rhythm. And the best Satakas are able to reconcile variety with unity, and richness of detail with harmony of effect.

'Sri Kalahastiswara Sataka' is among the most inspired, most mellifluous and most popular of the Telugu Satakas, and was the work of Dhurjati, one of the gems of Krishna Devaraya's Court in the 16th century. By tradition, the Lord of Kalahasti, Shiva, had been worshipped in long past times by a spider, a cobra and an elephant. Through their very devotion to the Lord, there erupted rivalry and misunderstanding between them, and this resulted in the death of all three wrought mutually. But since there was no question regarding their unflinching devotion to Shiva, they duly attained salvation and were united with the Lord.

Another bhakta of the Lord, the huntsman Thinna, plucked out his own eyes and offered them to the idol on the illusory notion that the Lord's eyes were bleeding! Thinna is hence known as Kannappa Nayanar, beloved of the Lord.

From these highlights in the Kalahasti Sthala Purana, we are to infer, firstly, that the Lord God is Lord as much of insect, reptile, animal and illiterate hunter, as of the learned, the high-born and the sophisticated; and, secondly, that jealousy and recrimination as between devotees of the Lord on the score of doctrine, ritualistic minutiae or the outer form of the Diety are utterly meaningless, and could prove mutually destructive. The Lord is the Lord of all, and He could be worshipped in many a form, in almost any form, and He would readily accept any offerings whatsoever if they were made to Him in all true sincerity of devotion.

Before Dhurjati indited his celebrated Sataka, he had for long basked in the sunshine of Krishna Deva-  
raya's royal patronage, and he had also had his fill of  
sensual pleasures and worldly success. But these inevit-  
ably palled in the end, and drove him to Kalahasti to  
seek an end to the bondage of the lust for power, pelf  
and women. Thus a recurrent theme in the poem is the  
futility of royal favour, of worldly success, and of the  
lure of women. Enough of it all! Dhurjati would now  
find solace only at the feet of the Lord.

Another insight in the poem is the perception of the  
comparative futility of mere learning, of mastery of Veda,  
Sastra and Tantra, of loud profession and arduous prac-  
tice, for winning salvation. It is the heart's love and the  
soul's surrender that alone can ensure the descent of  
Grace from Above, and not mastery of scripture or  
ritual. One has indeed to go beyond the seven oceans  
of mere knowledge and all the hills of ritualistic striv-  
ing to attain the feet of the Lord in absolute devotion  
and utter self-surrender.

The translation of a poem like 'Sri Kalahastiswara  
Sataka' which is replete with imagery, allusion and spi-  
rals of suggestion can be no easy task. There is already,  
to my knowledge, the competent English prose transla-  
tion by Sri P. Krishna Moorthy (1973), which is credited  
with "bringing out the entire spirit of the original into  
English." But Sri Bulusu Venkata Subbarao's present  
attempt is a rhymed metrical version—each stanza of  
the original being turned into a quatrain of 14 syllables  
in each line, with alternate rhymes—and is equipped  
with valuable notes elucidating the several allusions in  
the poem. The question is not whether one who can read  
the Sataka in the original will be satisfied with the  
translation. Naturally enough, he will prefer the cadenc-  
ed Telugu original. The question rather is whether or  
not Sri Subbarao's metrical English version opens new  
horizons to the non-Telugu readers. I think Sri Subbarao  
has faced a difficult task with patience and proficiency,  
and I hope his commendable effort will reach a wide  
audience.

'Matri Bhavan'  
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22-5-1975

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar



**To**  
**SRIKALAHASTISWARA**

## INTRODUCTION

A Satakam is a composition of a hundred or more often a hundred and sixteen verses addressed to the author himself or to God. The Sataka literature is very popular in Andhra and there are about a thousand Satakams in Telugu. A Satakam may be philosophical, ethical, religious, political, social or amorous in its main theme. Among the important Satakams, Dhurjati's 'Sri-kalahastiswara Satakam' is easily one of the best by any standard.

Dhurjati addressed his verses to Lord Siva, who came to be known as Srikalahastiswara. Sri means spider. Kala means serpent and Hasti means elephant. Srikalahastiswara is thus the Lord of the spider, the serpent and the elephant. God in the form of Siva blessed an insect, a reptile and an animal and came to be known as Srikalahastiswara, thus making it clear that God is not for humans only. His love does not find any difference between the smallest and the greatest among his Creation. Was it not assured that God tempers the west wind for the shorn lamb? Why; He gives salvation too. The legend behind this theme centres round the idol of Lord Siva at a place in Andhra Pradesh called Srikalahasti. The Siva's image (in the shape of Linga) was worshipped by a spider, a cobra and a wild elephant. Soon there followed a keen rivalry among the three. The spider and the cobra conspired to get rid of the elephant by entering its brain through its trunk. They succeeded but they also lost their lives as the elephant unable to bear the terrible pain in the head dashed it against a hillock in the presence of the idol of his Lord. Forgiving their childish rivalry the Lord blessed them with salvation. Much later an illiterate tribal, Thinna, worships the same Sivalinga and one day finds to his grief that one of the eyes of Siva is bleeding. Without any hesitation he plucks out his own eye with his arrow to replace the bleeding eye. He was also rewarded with salvation. The magnificent temple of Siva on a hill in the jungles by the holy banks of the smiling and sparkling Suvarnamukhi river at Srikalahasti in Andhra Pradesh is still one of the greatest Siva temples in India.

It is to this Lord that Dhurjati dedicated his poetry and addressed his verses. Dhurjati was one of the eight great court poets of the famous Vijayanagara Emperor (1509-29 A.D.), Sri Krishna Deva Raya. Dhurjati left the

royal court in disgust, realising the futility of vain comforts and the foolishness of wasting life in their pursuit. He then dedicated his life to Srikalahastiswara. It was in this connection that this priceless addition to the Telugu Sataka literature emerged. The value of this volume is supreme as the author expressed his philosophy after experiencing the most coveted pleasures in the court of one of the great Hindu monarchs in one of the richest periods of our economic history (according to the foreign visitors\* diamonds were sold on the way-side in the capital city of Vijayanagaram) and then the glorious joys of God realization.

In this translation in my own humble way I tried to place before the reader the great poetic personality of Dhurjati. And it is no easy task. I consider my ambition fulfilled if the reader could guess the greatness of the author's personality after perusing the translation. If he could not, the deficiency is entirely mine. The whole attempt is a crude sketch by an amateur artist and not a fine portrait by an expert photographer. I am greatly indebted to Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar for his Foreword and excellent encouragement throughout.

Calcutta, 1975.

Bulusu Venkata Subbarao

\* (i) Nicolo Conti from Venice  
(ii) Abdur Razak from Persia  
(iii) Domingos Paes from Portugal  
(iv) Durate Barbosa from Portugal  
(v) Friar Luis from Portugal

## THE VOICE OF DHURJATI

As the great lightning cloud of lust and passion  
burst down in  
Torrential sin I lost the balance of my lotus-mind  
Lord ! Let for a while your kindly autumnal  
time set in  
That in peace I may serve You, leaving all  
my cares behind  
Oh ! Lord of Srikalahasti !\*

1

\*

\*

\*

\*

Is it for my treacherous plot at Your very door-way  
Above Brahma's<sup>1</sup> reach to capture her-Salvation's  
splendour  
You pushed me down to the door-ways of petty  
Kings today  
And thus kept me banished from all the  
eternal joys there...

2

\* This must be repeated at the end of every verse as is the tradition in Satakas. It is omitted in the translation.

<sup>1</sup> God in the role of Creator.

'All this is fiction!' man thus knowing too with  
                                                                                  conviction  
 Throughout trusts his riches, relations, life all  
                                                                                  to be true  
 And alas! in a strange spell of passions rolls  
                                                                                  on and on  
 Not a bit thinking about the supreme truth  
                                                                                  that is You... 3

Listen! Let us have a pact: Claiming not a pie  
 As my wage, I serve you with cheer at heart  
                                                                                  and you  
 Shelter me from my enemies six<sup>2</sup> which in my  
 Own mind reside; and nothing else I seek  
                                                                                  from you... 4

When I slipped and fell in the sea of hell, you  
                                                                                  helped me not  
 Perhaps noting, 'Intoxicated in life's play he  
                                                                                  sinned and well  
 He ignored me:' True; but will a loving father  
                                                                                  rush not  
 When his dear son, playing, slips and falls into  
                                                                                  a deep well?... 5

<sup>2</sup> These six are Kama (desire), Krodha (anger), Lobha (miserliness), Moha (passion), Mada (pride) and Matsarya (envy).

Oh! did I betray you to serve a master different?  
Did I not trust You and You alone and obey  
strictly?

For what sins then You impose this most cruel  
punishment.

Plunging me in the midst of this dark  
sea of misery... 6

\* \* \* \*

The mountain of gold<sup>3</sup> enriched by the fabulous  
diamond<sup>4</sup>

The splendid cow<sup>5</sup> and the celestical tree<sup>6</sup> all,  
are your property

The richest deity<sup>7</sup> is Your dear friend and Laxmi's husband<sup>8</sup>

Is Your devotee. If You care not who cures  
poverty !... 7

\* \* \* \*

My faith is confounded and shaken that I am  
too small

To win Your heart by poetic skill<sup>9</sup> or by  
sheer valour<sup>10</sup>

By supreme sacrifice or by extreme devotion<sup>11</sup>; all  
That is mine is depressing: Can I reach You ever!... 8

<sup>3</sup> Mt. Meru in Himalayas.

<sup>4</sup> The precious stone which fulfils all desires.

<sup>5</sup> Kamadhenu, the divine cow which likewise fulfils all wishes.

<sup>6</sup> Kalpataru, the divine tree which also does so.

<sup>7</sup> Kubera, the Lord of Riches.

<sup>8</sup> God in the form of the preserver of life, the consort of Laxmi, the Goddess of Wealth.

<sup>9</sup> Bana, a devotee who won the Lord's admiration by his heroism.

<sup>10</sup> Pushpadanta, another devotee who realised God through his remarkable poetry.

11 sacrifice ... devotion: Other devotees who by their faith and courage won the appreciation of Siva.



Why did You tie round my neck these heavy  
bondages all  
Of wife children parents friends and wealth !  
with this ruined mind  
Down in the sea of lust when can I think of  
You at all !  
Fast I am sinking Lord ! to save me a way  
You must find... 9

\* \* \* \*

Your name destroys as a raging flame the huge  
cotton hills  
Of sins of those who hear it from a distance even by  
Accident, demolishes Yama's<sup>12</sup> pride and their lives  
it fulfils  
Thus assured great scholars and sacred books:  
Still they doubt; why!... 10

\* \* \* \*

When honoured as the Chief Guest, when  
hearing flattery when  
Belly is full and when glories of wealth  
overwhelm, when  
Musicians sing in praise, in paradise of  
fools these men  
Waste their lives. Of them it is not worthy  
to talk even... 11

## 12 The God of Death.

Let troubles worry me or merry events surround;  
Let me be called a fool or be adored as a soul great;  
Let life's illusions trap or wisdom dawn all around;  
Let stars frown or Luck smile; I care not  
when I serve Your feet... 12

\* \* \* \*

What sacred scriptures that spider<sup>13</sup> read :  
 That serpent,<sup>13a</sup> what great  
 Sciences it mastered ? What knowledge that  
 elephant<sup>13b</sup> did own ?  
 And what spells that tribal<sup>13c</sup> commanded ?  
 It is not reading that  
 Matters, the true urge to serve You,  
 wisdom is that alone... 13

\* \* \* \*

This body became sore with the love-play  
of ladies' long  
Nails, this chest became hard as stone by the  
constant friction  
With their full breasts ; in the hunt for the  
delights of sex, long  
Back Youth left me old and bald : Lord !  
crush this crazy passion... 14

<sup>13</sup> to <sup>13c</sup> spider; serpent; elephant; tribal: See introduction.



These, my hands, lack the nerve to stone You,<sup>18</sup>  
it is beyond me  
To sacrifice my son with joy,<sup>19</sup> I shudder to  
pluck my  
Eyes for you,<sup>20</sup> what do I deserve! Whatever  
you grant me  
I take it as the greatest boon with all my  
spirits high... 17

\* \* \* \*

Kings are petty and foolish ; their service  
is hellish and  
Their gifts all-beauties, chariots, gems and  
jobs are at best,  
Seeds of mental torture ; enough of them  
I had : I stand  
Here waiting, Lord ! Show me the path that  
leads to You fastest... 18

\* \* \* \*

The beginning and the end of Your form I  
could not trace  
And You Yourself offer not to enlighten;  
let me  
Not waste my time after vain trails : I leave it  
all to Your grace,  
Whether You give me sweet milk or plunge  
me in a deep sea... 19

18 stone You: A devotee stones Him but thinking he is doing Him good and for his conviction gets His blessings.

19 sacrifice my son with joy: When God tests him with a request to offer him food prepared with his son's flesh, a great devotee called Chirutonda Nambi does so and wins Siva's admiration for his supreme sacrifice.

20 pluck my Eyes for You: To test an ignorant devotee  
Thinna, Siva pretends as if His eye was hurt. The devotee at  
once gives his own eye and pleases the God.



Glow-worms' glows, lightnings' lights, glitters  
of broken glass,  
Thinning edges of elephants' ears, peepal  
leaves, writings  
In the space, bubbles, mere mirages are these  
lives alas!  
Riches are layers of moon shine: Trapped men  
are with such things!... 23

\* \* \* \*

I trust You as none else I do : Other than You I have  
Parents, brothers, relatives, friends or teachers  
none at all  
My Lord ! from this sea of misery when  
do You save  
And bless me kindly with an ocean of joy eternal... 24

\* \* \* \*

In Your presence the alms in my begging  
bowl I enjoy  
As royal meal; away, I opt not for the  
treasures all  
Of royal service. In endless circles of earthy joy  
Let me not roam, if You want me as Your  
worthy vassal... 25



All according to the rites; I took Your name  
and the pure water  
That washed Your feet, shared Your plate, Your  
food and betel leaves too  
And myself I adopted as Your dear child,  
hereafter  
Never leave me, Father, I left them all to  
be with you... 26

\* \* \* \*

Lord ! You are my mother and father both, whom  
else but You  
Shall I call so ; mind not parents here, here or  
there to me  
You alone are loving mother, father and  
mentor true,  
Bounden thus You are to protect when darkness  
surrounds me... 27

\* \* \* \* \*

In this life's illusion fools cry that they have  
sons none : The  
Proud King of Kurus<sup>24</sup> had a hundred sons,  
where did they all  
Land him ? In what hells childless Sri Suka<sup>25</sup>  
was forced to be ?  
Heavens cannot be closed to those who had  
no sons at all !.... 28

24 Dhritarashtra, whose sons all mighty but wicked brought disgrace and destruction to his Kingdom.

25 A great saint who never married.

good people

Can bad stars and evil omens harm those  
Who always keep Your sacred name on their lips :  
can a swarm  
Of locusts smother a wild fire, How absurd !  
Do people  
I wonder, wish to serve You to end all evil  
and harm... 29

\* \* \* \*

Out of lust for life hereafter never in any way  
Will I desire for anything; if at all I do, I may,  
For the company of Your devotees:

Having had You to pray

What else deserves desire and what else is there  
still to pray... 30

\* \* \* \*

Majestic elephants, gleaming chariots, most stunning  
Palanquins, prize horses, scents, rare dresses  
priceless gems all  
Can they give salvation ? ; ignorant people  
go running  
After them and at the royal gates they waste  
their days all... 31

This mischievous mind ! it abhors and abhors  
not the gleams  
Of sex, severs and severs not the bonds of kinship  
Snaps and snaps not the entangling creepers  
of endless dreams  
Come ! Crush its pride, even You it does and  
does not worship... 32

❖                      ❖                      ❖                      ❖

Oh ! how many years I spent here and what  
I achieved ; to  
Whom and with what aim I still live ;  
Truth will I ever see ;  
In the days still left what can I do except  
to serve You  
Belittle me not Lord ! Come, save me,  
I am at Your mercy... 33

❖                  ❖                  ❖                  ❖

Even the monk who renounced all, clings on,  
                                        though well knowing,  
His end nearing, to the hope looking for the  
                                        doctor who  
Can cure him, for the drug which can save  
                                        him and for the loving  
Angels who may pity him, entirely forgetting You...     34

Realizing You in peaceful meditation in the  
Lotus-pose in the lovely woods day after day  
On the banks of 'Suvarnamukhi,'<sup>26</sup> is true joy ;  
Can the  
Magic spells of the notch girl called Wealth  
be joy any way !... 35

❖                      ❖                      ❖                      ❖

Why should You make this relationship called  
love, with wife and  
Children and extend it by many wedlocks later on ;  
All like an endless chain of steel links fitted  
tightly and  
Bind some and make them wander in circles of  
blind passion... 36

\* \* \* \*

Make this body permanent, if  
it should not be, make me  
Not to take birth again ; to do  
either if You have skill  
None, atleast tell me so atonce, so  
that all that can be  
Done to realize You I will do  
in the time I have still... 37

<sup>26</sup> The name of the river whereby the town of Srikalahasti is situated.



Ornaments of bone, garments of elephant's  
skin and free
Life in wilds are dear to You. It is no wonder then  
You favoured that snake,<sup>27d</sup> that tusker<sup>27e</sup> and  
that hunter<sup>27f</sup> all three
But God ! What is the fun in lifting that  
spider to heaven !... 41

\* \* \* \*

Making love to heavenly beauties satisfies not  
Sex ; attaining Godhood fails to contain greed,  
devouring  
The worlds all subdues not the raging wrath :  
I prefer not  
These life's joys ; better I cross this muddle  
with Your blessing... 42

\* \* \* \*

The true meaning of the ritual dip the  
bereaved take on  
That day is clear ; they pledge 'Oh Yama !  
Doubt us not, soon  
We too follow sure !' but fools understand not  
and go on  
Till they too die, living in the paradise of their  
own... 43

27d to 27f snake; tusker; hunter: See introduction.





I know not how many lives I lived in the  
past and I dare  
Not count the mounts of sin I then made :  
Fool that I am, now  
To reckon that this is my one and only life,  
Lord : spare  
Me for my little prayers from these births  
and deaths with love... 47

\* \* \* \*

How long this body lasts in this world, so  
long with kindness  
Free me from disease, poverty and distress  
And at the end enable me ; to serve You with  
calmness ;  
Detached from the universe and all in bliss... 48

\* \* \* \*

As if the nasty haunt of Cupid is the doorway  
to penance,  
That hairy curve<sup>29</sup> is 'Kundalini'<sup>30</sup> the limbs  
and the eyes are  
The six 'Padmas'<sup>30a</sup> the face is the moon and  
love-making hence  
Is true Yoga, these men adore women, fools  
as they are... 49

<sup>29</sup> That hairy curve: The curve of hair down the navel.

30 to 30a Kundalini; Padmas: Yogic terms. Padma is lotus. Kundalini is the ultimate power symbolised as a snake, which will be aroused by Yogic practice and makes man supremely powerful aiding God realisation.

My joy excelling with devotion,  
I worship You while  
Using with mirth nine 'rasas'  
for holy waters, lovely  
Verses for flowers, sounds of  
words for music charms of style  
For lights and sweet poetry for  
offering most heartily... 50

其 其 其 其

Far beyond the reach of all tricks of poetry  
is Your most  
Magnificent form; when it comes to portraying  
Truth where  
Does poetry stand and how helplessly it fails  
and is lost,  
We poets ought to bow down our heads in  
the shame we all share... 51

❖                      ❖                      ❖                      ❖

When the dear child refuses to touch its meal  
of rice and  
Sweet milk until the plantain fruit too is  
brought then and there  
The glory of love the proud parents show  
meeting its demand  
That glory I crave of You : For nothing else  
do I care... 52

I know; to make us believe that life is not transient  
And unreal, You made a big show of this  
                                        little bubble,  
Loading it with dreams, omens, devils, ghosts,  
                                        unknown ailment,  
Evil-eye, bad stars and all such superstitious  
                                        rubble...     53

\* \* \*

The man who wears the flower offered to You  
on his crown,  
The sacred ash on his forehead, the 'Ridraksha'<sup>31</sup>  
garland  
Round his neck the holy Chandan<sup>32</sup> on his  
nose and lives on  
Your 'prasad' stays in bliss forever as Your  
dearest friend... 54

\* \* \* \*

What a great relief You derive as these ignorant men  
Leave You and serve their wives, children,  
                    kinsmen and friends always  
Knowing not that they cannot fulfil their desires :  
                                        But then  
Dear Lord ! For whom do You preserve all  
                    this wealth of Your grace...     55

<sup>31</sup> Garland of sacred beads worn to count the number of times Lord's name is uttered.

32 Sandal wood paste.



Those who trusted You truly, will they decline  
and decay  
In their struggle for food ! Why then the  
scriptures all assured  
'Aayurannam Prayachchati.'<sup>37</sup> Those who decline  
and decay  
Are they that crave for the vain pleasures  
leaving Truth obscured... 59

\* \* \*

I am here stunned by fear and grief like the  
helpless calf caught  
Between two ferocious bulls fighting to death,  
provoked by sexual  
Rivalry and blinded by brutal ignorance :  
Delay not,  
Come fast Lord ! before I am crushed and  
can no longer call... 60

\* \* \* \*

Doubtful and depressing are the manner and  
the matter  
Of this life, fearful and puzzling are the ways  
of this body,  
Sorrowful and disappointing is time's  
passage ever  
Strange ! none wants to get out of it all, to  
reach You timely... 61

**37** Life provides sustenance.



At the gateways of Cupid joys I had had  
 The gateways of Kings joys I had had enough, at  
 Contempt: To my heart's content grant me now to my heart's  
 The gateways of Your grand Kingdom where the great joys at  
 joy never departs... 62

\* \* \* \*

At once declaring in public 'We barter  
 Poetry for regal honours,' they crave the not our  
 For his small mercy to keep their families meanest king  
 In vain comforts: Their nasty tales merit no happier  
 mentioning... 63

\* \* \* \*

Only he who merges will in concentration using  
 The yogic aids as the dot and the flame, with  
 Divine and steadies his deer-like mind in the 'OM' the sound  
 Jungles to the true joy can snap the worldly ties obstructing  
 all round... 64

To fulfil a desire I think not of praying  
You. 'Why  
 Then all these poems praising me,' You will  
frown, but believe me  
 To my tongue poetry is a natural property,  
 To reach You burdened with desires, I know,  
is beyond me... 65

\* \* \* \*

Trusting the red poppy flowers to be honeyed  
fruits, pretty  
Parrots approach them only to suffer : Vain-glorious  
Scholars enter the ritualistic muddles made by  
Religions to suffer Your separation greivous... 66

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

How foolish these mortals can be, they even kill  
 others to  
 Usurp higher states : Will they not leave this  
 world one day ? Are  
 Their near and dear whom they keep in vain  
 comfort deathless ? Do  
 Their riches stay with them forever ? : Why  
 they never care !... 67



Poor man, with a sick mind ; what shackles can  
he break and how,  
What gains can he claim, himself being gained  
by ego,  
To the evil ways what doors can he close,  
himself enclosed now  
In darkness and what deeds can he boast of,  
living so low... 71

\* \* \*

I never cared to go on pilgrimage to Your holy  
Temples any ; glorious 'Kasi,' sacred  
'Kanchi' and  
Great 'Sri Saila' all I ignored ; to save me  
the only  
Way is to view my small merits as golden  
mountains grand...   72

\* \* \* \* \*

Can sit as a high priest and allow his  
 followers  
 To sprinkle the water that washed his feet on  
 their heads; how  
 Charming are the uses of learning! can claim  
 his servers'  
 Wealth, time and lives too, but not You for, wealth  
 in his first love... 73



I tarvelled along the routes of ancient knowledge,  
Followed the secret paths of Yogic systems and  
by heart  
Got all scriptures but doubts leave me not in  
the least, I urge  
You, make me believe and teach me how to reach  
Your resort... 77

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

With their petty minds they now wish to  
demolish the great  
Commandments pronounced by the wisemen of  
the past, minding  
Not, what sins their followers commit; to what  
wretched state  
They pull down the laymen and all this how  
He is watching!.... 78

\* \* \* \*

A copper's worth of joy or the power of retaining  
A small atom after final departure, total  
Absolution from sin or fulfilment as desires spring,  
Or fame, or You; what can this lust give ?  
Why not You end it all... 79



1

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

pleasures worldly... 85









You keep silent as Your devotees pray You  
in ways ten  
Thousand; why have You become so miserly,  
salvation  
And all their wishes if You grant them  
gracefully, listen!  
Your grand treasury will not suffer any depletion... 95

\* \* \*

In the Good olden days You were so generous  
that when  
Any devotee approached You his prayers were  
granted  
At once ; "With age miserliness too grows"  
became even  
With You true ; now You hear no prayers  
whoever chanted... 96

\* \* \* \*

An unbreakable bolt that shuts the doors  
and keeps out Death,  
A mighty kite to the serpent-tongue of  
'Chitragupta'<sup>40</sup>  
And 'Vajrayudha' to the cruel fangs of hungry Death  
Is Your great name Siva ! my Lord !  
'Dikchelaankrita.'<sup>41</sup> ... 97

<sup>40</sup> The angel employed by God Yama to keep account of the good and bad deeds of all living beings.

<sup>41</sup> Having the corners of universe as Your robes.

I wish not to taste the favours of patrons  
ten thousand  
 All wicked and mean-minded ; give me one noble  
prince who  
 Is truthful, benevolent and loving :  
As Your own grand  
 Deputy I take him, leaving my life and gift to You... 98

\* \* \* \*

[illegible]

\* \* \*

Electing slavery, committing cruel acts, giving  
False evidence, spreading evil rumours and carrying  
Tales, of nothing stops short, this tiny human being,  
Only to acquire wealth as if it is everlasting... 100

Blinded by the charms of some evil counsel,  
true, many  
Sins I committed but to punish, if You are  
planning  
To neck me out of Your place, You gain not  
success any :  
Where can I go, I stay here, the beams of Your  
house clutching... 101

\* \* \* \*

Their bodies smeared with sacred ashes, their  
                                        hairs left loose and  
Dusty, their minds addicted to penance,  
                                        their lives ever  
Cheerful with 'Panchakshari'<sup>42</sup> their jewels  
                                        being truth and  
'Rudraksha' Your men how-so-ever they  
                                        are I revere... 102

\* \* \*

How can a muddy well hold flowing water  
as a stream  
Sparkling does ? How can a saintly group  
stay in a drunkard's den ?  
Your supreme grace and not my meanness  
extreme  
Must You consider when You reward my  
small prayers then... 103

<sup>42</sup> The mantra 'Om Namassivayah.'

In hours two or three or just in a single one, today  
 Or tomorrow after an Year, sooner or later,  
 Sometime, these bodies fall dead on earth in  
someway

But none goes the right way to take  
refuge in You ever... 104

\* \* \* \*

Is it a great wonder to get horses, elephants and  
 Gleaming chariots, is it impossible to have  
wives charming  
 And sons worthy, priceless gems, rare dresses  
and thousand  
 Other things if one serves Your lotus-feet  
Your name chanting?... 105

\* \* \* \*

His life fulfilled, man excels and reaches You  
to share with You  
 The cool waters of holy Ganga and lovely moon all  
 In return for a dedicated prayer, a flower You  
 Love, and a little water, Lord ! Your grace  
is eternal... 106

How to forgive these fools who before  
mirrors admiring  
The 'spark' in their own eyes waste hours !  
And spend their lives too  
Singing in praise of Women's eyes, in rapturous  
songs as the lightning  
Curves, 'lotusses,' 'pure beauties' and signs of  
cupid's triumph true... 107

\* \* \* \*

Fools comprehend not the pleasures of  
salvation truly,  
Mockingly they liken them to the rope-serpent,  
paper-garment  
Silvery shell ; and the moon-stones' reflected  
red glory  
Brave only in words, they all run at the slightest  
movement... 108

\* \* \* \*

Did not You humble the proud ‘Daksha’<sup>43</sup>  
who dared to defy  
You, Did not You punish the great ‘Brahma’  
even, why are You  
Now indifferent, when Your own men are  
insulted by  
Some ruffians : Are Your devotees different  
from You ?... 109

<sup>43</sup> Daksha, the father of 'Sati,' who insults his son-in-law Siva by not inviting Him for a ritual celebration. He rebukes Siva in the presence of all other invitees and unable to bear the insult 'Sati' commits suicide. The Lord punishes Daksha for his arrogance.





"Your Majesty! a great poet awaits Your  
pleasure. He writes  
Poetry with ease; grand in style and theme.  
His art is pure,  
His genius is rare and on cheap sex he never writes."  
"Go! we saw him already." So the mean kings  
respond, sure... 113

\* \* \* \*

This my poetry, I pledged to You as people applaud  
I took the vow never to sell away my talent to  
Anyone else : And I am content now. The cause  
my Lord !  
Is not the talent but is its dedication to You... 114

\* \* \* \*

Praying You ever man can win the supreme  
position  
Of salvation: But for royal grace the  
lower he stooped  
The more is he disgraced alas! as the foolish person  
Who takes to use the oil, from the furious  
flames, to be saved!... 115

